



SHORE DUTY

5/13

FATIMA



*The
Turkish Blend*

a sensible
cigarette

20 for 15c



There once was a man named Fryer,
Who wanted a new non-skid tire.
He wanted the best,
So he gave each this test
(As Fryer was *some* tire-buyer):

Said he to the dealer: "Let's weigh it,
For after that's done we can say it
Contains so much more
(Or less) rubber for
The price—as the buyer must pay it."

When seven good makes he'd inspected,
The heaviest one he selected:
The MICHELIN tire
Was very much higher
In weight—as he should have expected.

'Twas heavier by 15 per cent,
And priced 'way below argument.
Said he: "It's a hunch
'Tis the best in the bunch
For a wise, economical gent."

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ARTHUR N
EDROP

Send for a copy of the Tire Users'
Handbook—a complete text book
telling how to get the greatest
service out of your tires, regard-
less of their make. Sent free on
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MICHELIN TIRE CO.
Milltown, New Jersey

MICHELIN

To Our Boys at the Front

LIFE is like a message from home. It is now being passed from hand to hand in every Allied trench in Europe. If you know any American boy who is now fighting for his country, send us his name and regiment with the proper amount, and we will forward a copy of LIFE regularly.

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(Open only to new subscribers. No renewals at this rate.)

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

PAUL GOULD

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Millions of dollars of Wells Fargo Checks are issued annually by banks, railroad and steamship ticket offices.

TEN THOUSAND WELLS FARGO AGENTS ARE AT YOUR SERVICE

What the Letters "U. S." Spell

WE are ready, Uncle Woodrow,
When the bugle rings its call.
We'll be steady, Uncle Woodrow,
And we'll give you of our all.
We will trust you, Uncle Woodrow,
And we'll help you all we can,
And we'll buck the German tiger,
Yes, we'll meet them man for man!

We're not slackers, Uncle Woodrow,
When it comes the time to fight.
We're your backers, Uncle Woodrow,
When you're fighting for a right.
Get us going, Uncle Woodrow,
And we'll give the Boches hell!
And we'll teach old Kaiser Wilhelm
What the letters "U. S." spell!

Herbert Lloyd Weir.



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"BUT I'M NOT PRESENTABLE!"

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Indigestion. One package
proves it. 25c at all druggists.

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CHINA
CEMENT
STANDS HOT AND COLD WATER 10c

See the Serum!

LO and behold the Serum!
What is the Serum?

The Serum is an impure product of a diseased animal.

What is the Serum used for?

The Serum is used for injection into the blood of human beings, thus purifying their bodies.

Do you mean that you can purify the blood of human beings by mixing impurities with it?

Yes. That is the way it comes to us from the leading Medicine Men of the day.

Can the people be made to believe such an absurdity as that?

Yes. The people can be made to believe anything so long as it comes to them from established authority. Some superstitions they cling to longer than to others, but nothing is too incredible to find at least a temporary resting place in what they call their minds.

Ellis O. Jones.

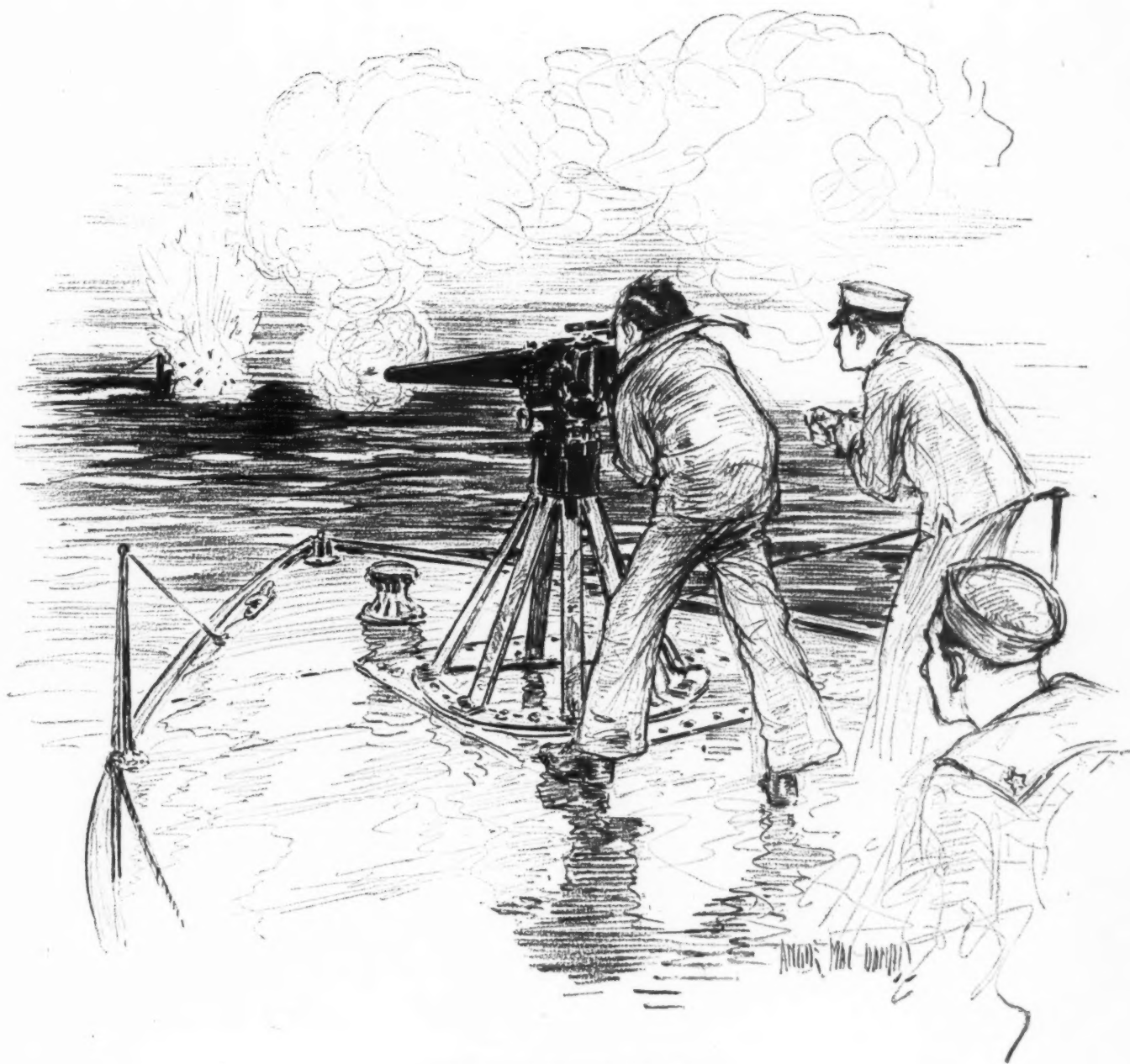
"WHEN Greek meets Greek,
Then comes the tug of war,"
but something far worse happens when
wife meets husband who missed the
weekly copy of LIFE because he neglected to order it in advance.



"More copies of that old form letter? *Easy!* Here's the original stencil—we'll have a hundred in two minutes." Run no extra copies—waste no stationery when you duplicate a sales letter, form or drawing on the mimeograph! Fuss with no type—buy no cuts! Just mimeograph what you need, then file the stencil ready for *instant* use again—any time. It's this new dermatype stencil—and other improvements—that makes the mimeograph supreme for speedy, *high-grade* and economical office duplicating. You simply write—typewrite—draw or trace your "pattern"; and in twenty minutes you have a thousand clean-cut copies. *Possibilities here*—for increasing your business, your profits! Ask A. B. Dick Company, Chicago and New York, for booklet "W."



LIFE



WHAT COMES UP MUST GO DOWN

Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1916, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation thirty years. In that time it has expended \$161,919.26 and has given a fortnight in the country to 38,190 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

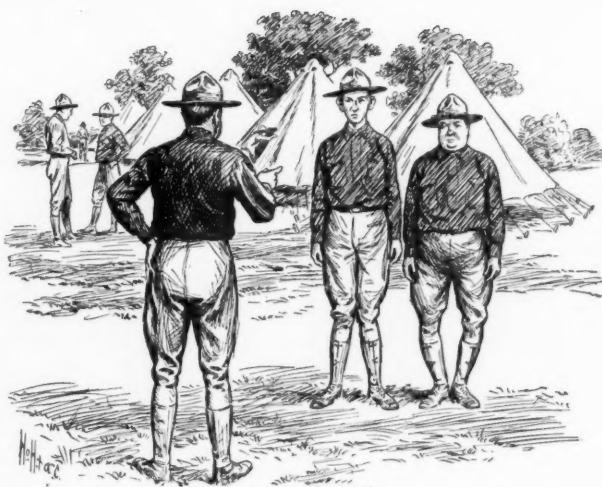
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Horrors of War

FIRST VILLAGE BUM: Labor's mighty scarce about here.

SECOND VILLAGE BUM: Terribul! I had to help my wife with the potatoes this morning.



Drill Sergeant: HERE, YOU TWO! YOU'RE WASTIN' YOUR TIME IN THE ARMY. YOU OUGHT TO BE IN THE FRONT ROW OF THE CHORUS.

System

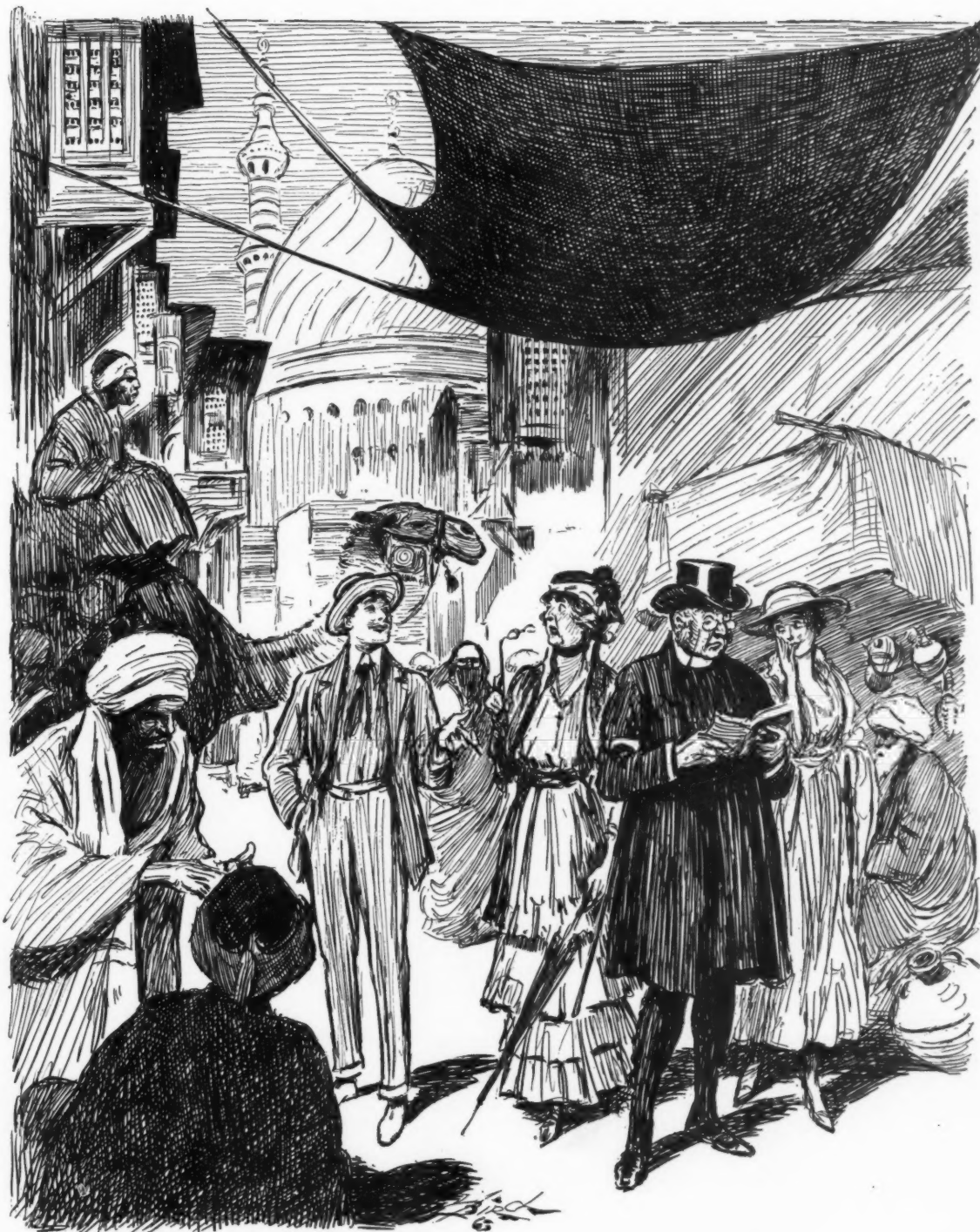
FRIEND: Why do you maintain such a large office force?

FINANCIER: To prevent outsiders from bothering me. "But I thought that was what your executive secretary was for."

"Oh, no. He is here to prevent the office force from bothering me."



AT LIFE'S FARM
NEWS FROM HOME



"THOSE MOHAMMEDANS ARE DREADFUL FANATICS."

"NOT ALWAYS. I KNEW A MOHAMMEDAN ONCE WHO HAD NO MORE FAITH THAN THE AVERAGE CHRISTIAN."



THE Highbrow Hen

SAID FARMER DOLE TO HIS SPECKLED HEN,
 "WHY DON'T YOU LAY FOR ME NOW AND THEN?"
 SAID THE SPECKLED HEN TO FARMER DOLE,
 "BECAUSE I'VE TAKEN UP BIRTH CONTROL."

Predictions

THE wise prophets of the present war have not covered themselves with glory. Before it began Norman Angell in "The Great Illusion" declared that such a war was financially impossible. At its beginning H. G. Wells said the German soldiers were too fat, and dismissed the German army generally as incompetent. Winston Churchill declared the British navy would dig the German ships out of their base like rats. Only Lord Kitchener was right when he predicted that it would be a three-year war. In this country, about a year ago, Judge Gary predicted that the war would be over within three months. Hudson Maxim thought, and doubtless still thinks, that the Atlantic seaboard will be another Belgium. Commodore Peary has been expecting a covey of German flying machines which will "utterly destroy New York" within twelve hours. But we still live.

MRS. DASHER: Mrs. Fanning is a perfectly dear creature, so refined, so intellectual, so cultivated, so—

DASHER: What piece of scandal have you heard about her now?

Single Term? Not Any!

SENATOR GORE of Oklahoma—the blind senator—introduced in the Senate the other day a single-term amendment to the Constitution, applicable both to the President and the Vice-President.

Such an amendment may have a chance some time when the country is groaning over the consequences of the misconduct or incapacity of a second-term President. At present our second-term privilege looks too much like a national asset for Mr. Gore's measure to have any chance of success. He should keep it in his pocket and be patient.

A single-term law would be a restriction of the democratic privilege of keeping the best available man in the White House as long as he is useful there. As a safeguard of our liberties it would be of no value. As an impairment of our power of self-government it would be very objectionable. On the whole, no arrangement hitherto suggested about presidential terms looks any better than the one we have now, which provides for a four-year term without restriction of the power of the people to order it repeated if they see fit. Our whole apparatus of government rests on faith that the mass of the people in the long run will know what is good for them, and choose it. When that faith proves to be misplaced our form of government will change, and no single-term amendment, or any like alteration of machinery, will save it. We have got along so far, not because our governmental mechanism was so perfect, but because there have been brains and character and devotion enough in the country to keep us going. Nothing else ever will keep us going; certainly no constitutional provision to insure government by green hands.

AND as to that, there may be something to be said. The luxury of government by green hands we have always been able to enjoy abundantly, and may easily continue to do so. What we have a fast-growing need to provide is government by people who know how. We have suddenly blossomed out as a world power, with opinions not only about the concerns of this continent, but of Europe, and ready to back them with armies and navies and huge expenditures. We shall come out of the war very differently related to our neighbors and the life of the world than we went in, and with an enormous increase in our governmental plant. Of course we shall stop raising armies and increasing our navies as soon as the need of those extensions subsides, but we shall continue to have very much greater military and naval establishments than before, and everything else to match. The path back to the simple life in our national affairs is not only not in sight, but can hardly be imagined. The problems of governmental organization and administration that are ahead would seem appalling if it were not that we see that all our allies have like problems ahead of them, and that we believe we have as much capacity to conduct affairs as other people.

Moreover, we shall have to maintain continuity of policy in our foreign affairs. We have done so more or less in times past, but the increased complexity and intimacy of



THE NEW UNIFORM

"WE'RE BEGINNING TO SEE THE AWFUL SIDE OF WAR NOW, AREN'T WE, MOTHER?"

our relations with our neighbors in the world will increase the need that our State Department shall be a steady going machine run by practiced hands, and directed always by first-class ability.

THE war is driving thousands of able and devoted men out of business and the professions into the ill-paid service of the government. Due proportion of those men ought to be retained in government service. For the government job ahead is very big indeed, and likely to compel the service of the best minds and energies of the country. For a generation past, especially in the North, such minds and energies have been mainly diverted to industrial development and the money-making occupations. They have neglected politics and the public service. As a natural consequence they have lost political control of the country. If they are to regain it they must work for it; work as many, many admirable men are now working, with self-sacrifice, with patriotism, with devotion, to serve and save the United States.

We ought to have a troop of supermen to run the country for the next twenty-five years. We have not got them. Neither has any other country got them. But we have as good men as there are, and they are getting on the job. Somehow they will contrive it that our affairs will be managed as they need to be, and that we shall have efficient government without incurring the evils of bureaucracy.

E. S. M.

Essential

WITH all the advances in the art of war, it is still killing that counts, just as it has counted ever since men first fell foul of one another.

Hence the need of such restriction of the food supply as shall keep people from eating themselves to death. When life by the loss of it is in a way to uphold the nation's honor, it becomes too precious to be thrown away in the pursuit of mere pleasure.



"COME ON, YOU SLACKERS, LEND A HAND!"

Where the Germans Passed

THE Germans passed this way
In Nineteen Seventeen:
Masses of filthy clay
O'erspread the fields, once green;
The homes, once snug and neat,
Are naught but rubbish piles;
Empty the village street;
Empty our hearts of smiles.

Devils in green-gray suits,
Creatures of darkest night,
Lowest of all the brutes,
They came like a dreadful blight.
Honor they held as naught:
Right was beyond their ken:
How could our God have wrought
Such fiends in the shape of men?

Fleurette, the young and fair,
They fouled and flung aside;
Old Jacques, with snow-white hair,
They beat until he died;
Of Jean they made a slave,
And shipped him o'er the Rhine;
And others, in the grave,
Can tell worse tales than mine!

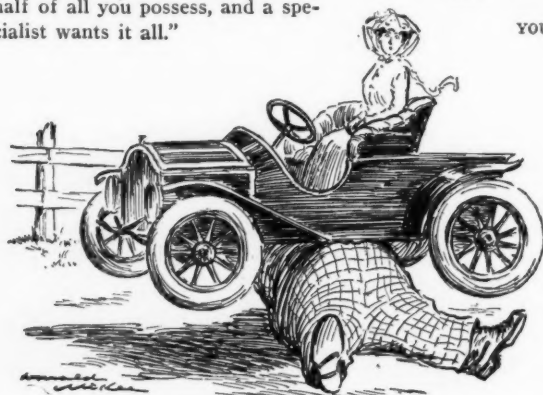
There's poison in our wells;
Our trees lie on the ground;
Our fields are sown with shells;
Ruin and death abound.
All, all is foul decay;
There's scarce a thing that's clean,
For Germans passed this way
In Nineteen Seventeen.

Kenneth L. Roberts.

And Gets It

"WHAT'S the difference between a socialist and a specialist?"

"A good deal. A socialist wants half of all you possess, and a specialist wants it all."



UP-KEEP AND REPAIRS



YOU ARE MUCH TOO SMALL TO UNDERSTAND, LITTLE BOY

Guest Chambers

THINK of what it would mean if a census of guest rooms could be taken, and they could be enrolled as a hospital unit! If everything else is being utilized, why not these guest rooms? Surely they would make a noble army.

Many patriotic people have offered their houses entire as hospitals. For the majority, however, this is impossible. But almost every home has its guest chamber. There is always room for one more. Let these guest rooms be mobilized. If, in addition to this, some member of the household took a course in first aid, what a wonderful national home hospital service that would be!



THE WILLOWBYS' WARD. 5

ON RETURNING FROM A PARTY, MOLLY IS GREATLY TOUCHED TO FIND THEM SITTING UP FOR HER

Maintaining Civic and Moral Stability

FANNIE FERN ANDREWS, secretary of the American School and Peace League, has appealed to the school teachers of America to instruct their pupils not to hate the Germans. "The schools," she says, "should maintain a civil and moral stability among the youth of the land."

Fannie Fern Andrews is evidently willing to see the youth of the land grow up to be men and women who will not loathe and despise with all their strength a person or group of persons who murder women and children, disregard oaths and covenants which should be sacred, and bring desolation and ruin on the world.

Logic would seem to demand that civic and moral stability be maintained among the youth of any land by teaching them to hate persons who instigate such acts.

Civic and moral stability can't be maintained in a community unless that community has a comprehensive hatred for moral obliquity.



"RUN AROUND THE OTHER WAY, FRED—YOU'RE GETTING DIZZY!"

Life's "Song for America" Contest

closed on June 18th, and the work of reading and selection has been going on ever since. The delay in announcing the result is due to the care taken by the judges. The total period during which the contest was open was thirty-four days, and in this period four thousand six hundred and one contributions were received. The name of the winner of the five-hundred-dollar prize will be announced in our next issue.

Law-Making

MAKING laws is the most ticklish of all professions, and lawmakers are entitled to all the salary, emoluments, perquisites, etcetera, that they can secure, grab or otherwise acquire.

All laws may be divided into two classes: those the people want and those the people do not want.

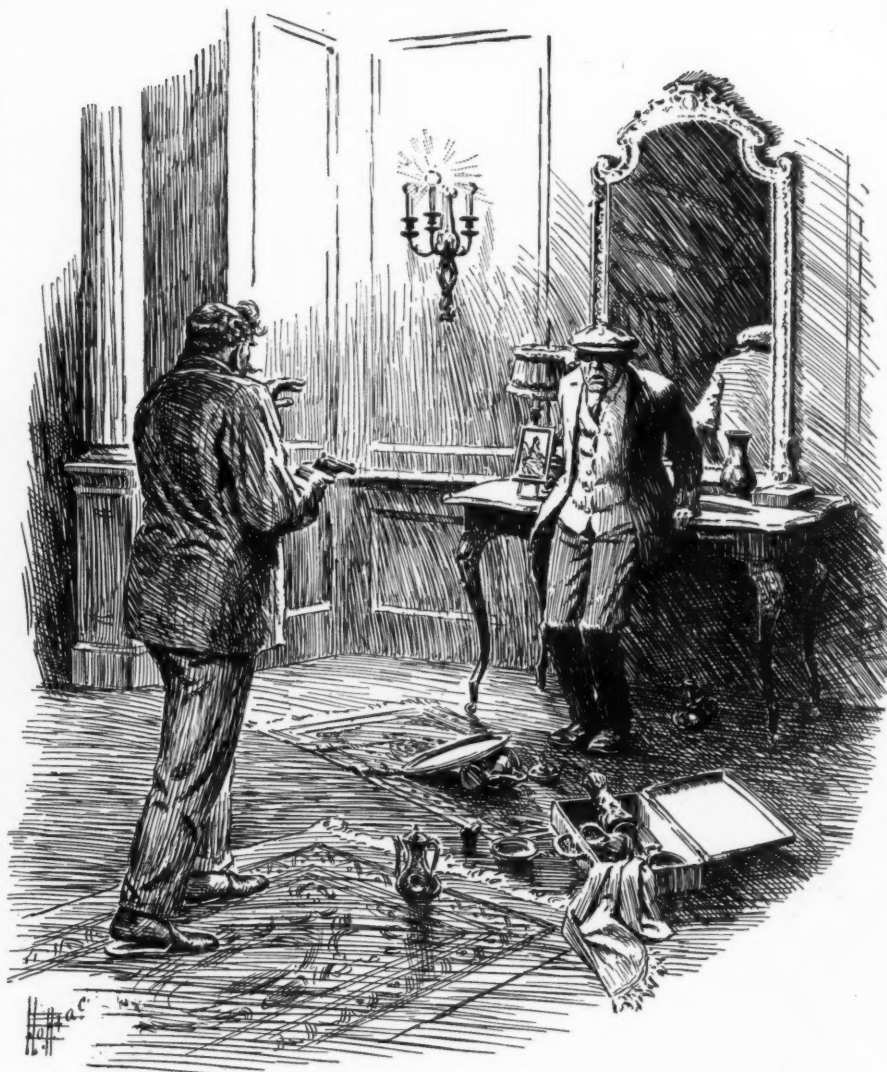
It is foolish to make laws that the people do not want, because then we are put to endless trouble in upholding those laws—trouble which entails the hiring of policemen, detectives and judges, the building of jails, penitentiaries, and so on.

If, on the other hand, we make laws which the people want, then we are do-



ENDORSING A CHECK

DAN-
LYNCH



"MOVE A LITTLE TO THE RIGHT, PLEASE. I HATE TO TAKE A CHANCE OF
BREAKING THAT MIRROR"

ing an unnecessary thing, for if the people want to act in a certain way they will do it without law.

This eternal dilemma takes all the happiness out of law-making.

A Whole-Hog Prussian

THERE was a supposition that General von Bissing pined away and died because the job of devilling Belgium was so painful to him.

The job was unhealthy, no doubt; spiritually poisonous; but the recent posthumous publication of von Bissing's last views about it upsets this kindly theory that it did not suit him. He went the whole Prussian hog about Belgium, endorsed the invasion and deprecated any foolish policy of letting go of that country or letting up on its inhabitants.

There seems to be only one way to cure a Prussian war-master.

June



BACK TO THE SOIL.



HE HESITATED AND WAS NOT LOST.



ABSOLUTELY SAFE.



SOME RECEPTION



NOBODY AT HOME.



HE DOESN'T KNOW WHERE HE'S GOING BUT HE'S ON HIS WAY



BARE KNEES MAY BE THE FASHION IN ENGLAND.



Eloping Lady: WE'RE SAFE NOW, SHARP-FANG. FATHER HAS ALWAYS HAD AN UNCONQUERABLE
AVERSION TO WATER

Lend a Hand!

LEND a hand!—be this our slogan
Through the wide length of the
land,
From where Maine's pine trees are
warders,
From Lake Huron's island borders,
Southward to the Rio Grande!

Lend a hand!—be this our watchword!
Sound it early, cry it late,
From where combing breakers quarre
Round Floridan keys of coral,
Westward to the Golden Gate!

Lend a hand!—whate'er the fashion
Of the thing you pledge to do;
We have sealed our soul-indenture;
We have joined the red adventure,
And are bound to see it through!

Lend a hand!—away with dreaming,
Selfishness and soft desires!
Danger faces us; why fear it?
Let us show the fighting spirit
And the valor of our sires!

*Lend a hand, O sons of freemen;
Steadfast let us take our stand!
Sacrificial be our giving
To make life again worth living!
Lend a hand! aye, lend a hand!*
Clinton Scollard.



THINGS THAT NEVER WERE

Favorite Texts of Billy Sunday

"I CRIED with a loud voice."—Genesis 39:14.

"I shall execute judgments in thee in anger and in fury and in furious rebukes."—Ezekiel 5:15.

"Can any understand . . . the noise of his tabernacle?"—Job 36:29.

"I rent my garment and my mantle, and plucked off the hair of my head."—Ezra 9:3.

"Great swelling words."—Jude 16.

"The people were astonished."—Matthew 7:28.

"Then were assembled unto me every one that trembled."—Ezra 9:4.

"Shake the hand."—Isaiah 13:2.

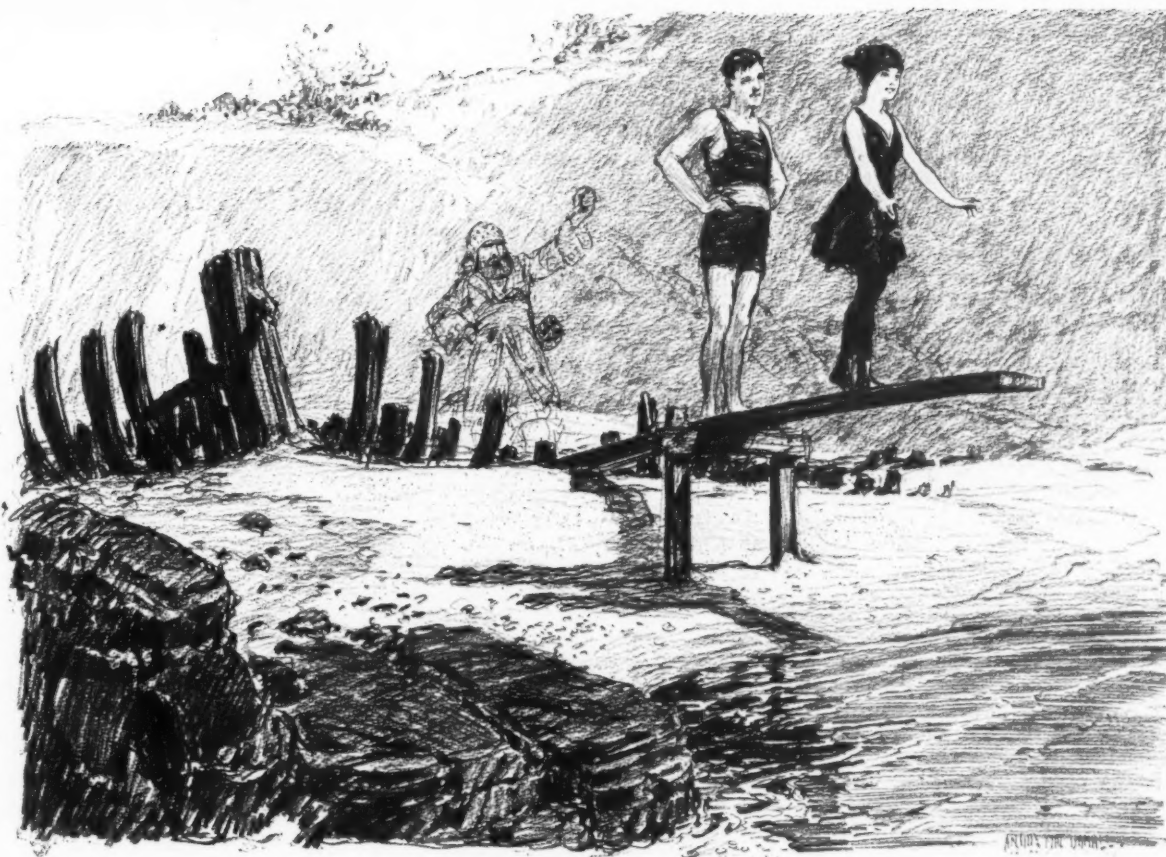
"And they leaped upon the altar."—I Kings 18:26.

"The people cast money into the treasury."—Mark 12:41.

"For thou shalt deal bountifully with me."—Psalm 142:7.

"ISN'T she a moving-picture star?"

"More of a planet. She shines by reflected light."



THE PIRATE'S TREASURE
IF THEY ONLY KNEW

"DOES he know what fear is?"

"Oh, yes. He fears that he won't get to the front before January."



WILL THE OLD MOUNT TAKE ANOTHER BAR?

Downfall of the Turks

IT is curious and interesting to think how Turkey has been vindicated in the present war. For generations Turkey has been held up as the red-handed murderer, as the past master of every form of cruelty and atrocity. There were other murderers, but they were mere amateurs compared with the Turks. And the particular reason, people averred, why Turkey was so unspeakably bad was because Turkey was non-Christian. Nobody could think of anything bad enough to say about the Turks with their wholesale methods of torture.

How different do they now appear! Beside the Germans they are innocent babes.

A WAR lord can't fight some of the people all of the time and all of the people some of the time, but he cannot fight all of the people all of the time.

Bad Outlook for William II

"HE shall follow the generations of his fathers and shall never see light."—Psalms 49-19 (prayer-book).



JULY 5, 1917.

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IN time of peace the thing the army has in most profusion is time. Next to time

its long suit is labor. It has not very much to do, and all the time there is to do it in. In the competitive employments of civil life it is necessary to get a daily stent of work out of each employee or the business does not thrive. But the army is not in business, is not productive, and is not paid out of its earnings, so it acquires curious habits of doing what it does.

One great aim of the army in peacetime—and, indeed, at all times—is to prevent army funds or property from being stolen. In civil employments, where work must pay, it is recognized as unprofitable to take a dollar's worth of precaution to protect five cents' worth of property, but the army has to go by rules and printed forms prepared by bureau chiefs with plenty of time to make dishonesties and carelessnesses impossible. So whether it costs a dollar or a hundred dollars to give protection to five cents' worth of property, the protection is given. The only lawful waste by the army is in battle. Then it can easily make up, in half a day of profusion, for all the meticulousness of fifty years.

They tell a story of ice obtained with difficulty for sick soldiers at Tampa in the Spanish War. It was unloaded, and stood in the sun because there were no quartermasters' blanks on which to make out a requisition for it. After it had stood and melted a good while

some daring person defied the law and hauled what was left of it to the hospital.

There are hundreds of such tales about army regulations, and there were worse ones about the British army in the Crimea. Such tales came back last spring from the Texas border by the score. They help one to understand how vast a job it is to get speed into military preparation. Of course our armies in the making are impeded by a vast network of regulations and methods intended for a small peace army, that excite the wondering derision of recruits, and that waste time and try patience. Nevertheless, the job goes on, and at best, huge jobs of organization must take time. A mechanism can only work as it was built to work, and the army is a mechanism. It cannot adjust itself offhand, but for necessary changes must go back to the shop.

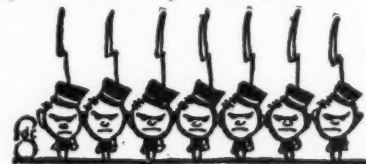


ONE hears that it is hard to get the volunteer operators for national defense in Washington into co-operation with the workers in the departments. It naturally would be hard. What can be done for national defense by able workers who can devise and use their own machinery has been shown by the work to sell Liberty Bonds and to raise a hundred million dollars for the Red Cross. The people who took hold of these efforts were people who were used to see results

follow activity, and who knew how the activity should be applied, and were free to apply it. But to infuse a like activity into officialdom is a much more difficult matter, and concerns especially that have to wait on action by Congress cannot go through until Congress gets around to them.

Nevertheless, things do go along. Many results we see, and more and more important ones we suspect, and have our surmises confirmed weeks later by bits of news that are allowed to get into print. A lot of people are hard at work. Not every place of power has the right man in it; nevertheless, if it were possible and expedient to lay before us every day the tale of what was accomplished the day before, we should wonder not at the delay, but at the mass of work done.

The chief military results we get so far come from the navy, and we hear little enough of them. The navy was ready at the start as nothing else was, except our money and our factories. But we have not been three months at war for nothing, and every month that passes will find our war doings going on at an accelerated pace, and with more and more effect at the points where they hit the line.



IT is getting to be bad form not to be concerned with the war somewhere. When we contrast the efforts to raise ten or twenty million dollars to feed the Belgians with the sweeping of the country for the hundred million Red Cross fund we see the difference between looking on at a war and being in it.

Commencements at the colleges this year were full everywhere of military ardor. Most of us don't feel near the front, but the colleges are in the war up to their necks, and at their commencements, that appeared.

Nothing else but the war counted. In most of them a large majority of the undergraduates were absent in training camps or military service of some sort, or, if present, were in khaki.



"I DON'T GET THE IDEA"

The talk was all of war; the singing was of war. At Harvard the central feature was a parade of the Harvard regiment. Something like that happened at Princeton and several of the other large universities, though in others the young soldiers were truly and honorably conspicuous by their absence.

We do not realize what is going on. By mere reading of newspapers we neither realize what we are in for nor what we are doing about it. But at the commencements this year one did get a glimmering of current proceedings, and apprehension of the great fact that the war we have read about for nearly three years is now our war.

The various training camps, as they fill up, will have this effect of bringing the war home visually to spectators. Plattsburgers and dwellers near the other camps now running must feel that we are at war. People who can,

will do well to visit the camps and share that feeling. We need something more than columns of print to wake us up. We have read so much and so long of war that printed words have lost their power over us. We need the sound of drums and fifes and the beat of marching feet to tell us where we are.



THE Ruth Cruger case has driven the war news to the inside pages of the papers. It is something we can realize and understand. It is something that should not be suffered to pass out of the public mind without lasting results.

Things happen now and then which make one feel the need of a public

gallows in Union Square, where the more atrocious malefactors could be strung up for public edification. That method, however, of making crime terrible was thoroughly tried out generations ago, and discarded because it was a failure.

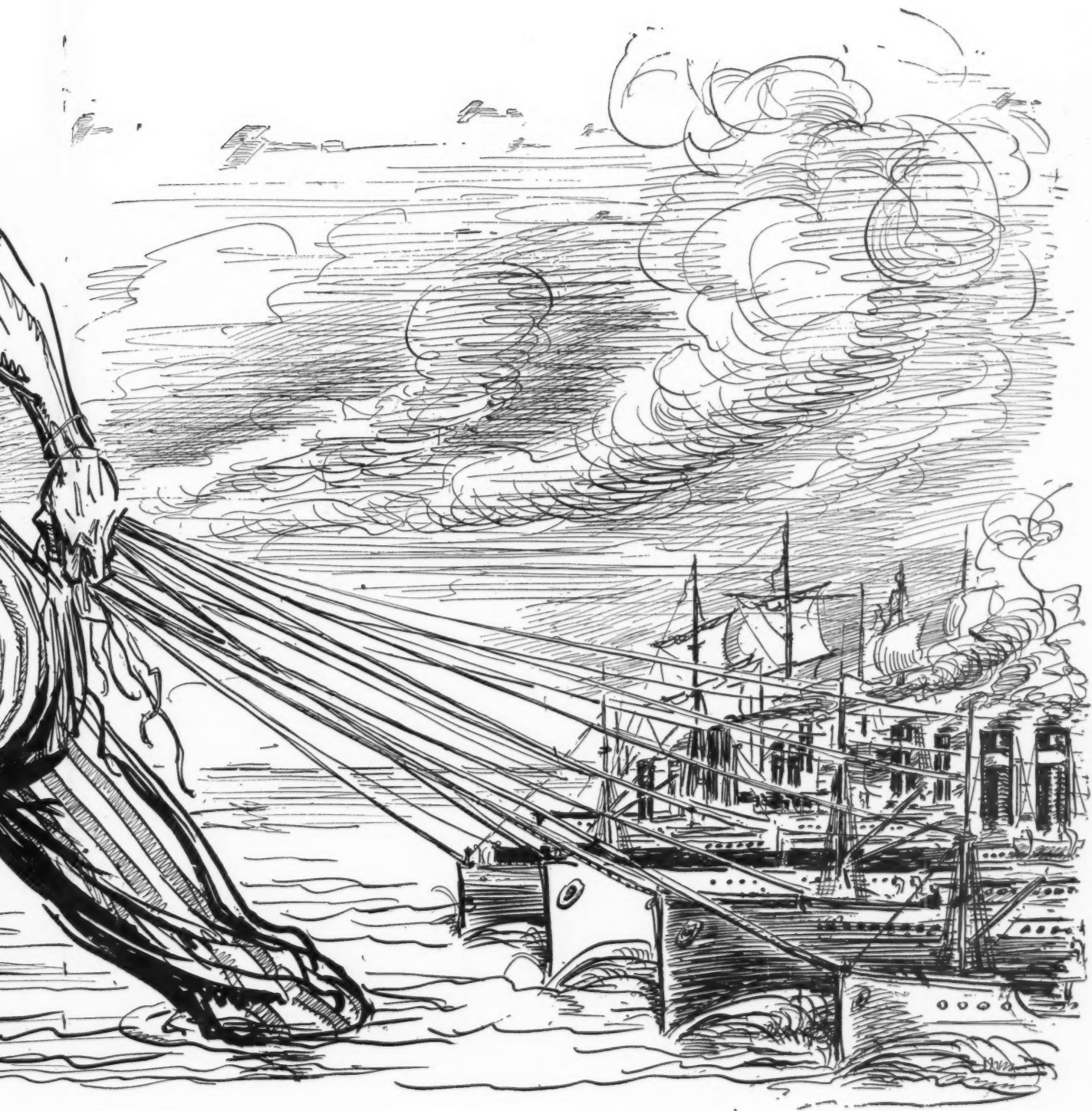
We might amend the Sullivan law, and let girls go armed, but that wouldn't work well, either. We shall have to wait and see what the authorities can do under the laws as they are, or as they may be bettered, to make New York safer for young women.

It is well to remember that no degree of police vigilance could have saved Ruth Cruger, except, indeed, by discovering beforehand the character of her murderer. Where the police fell down was in callousness and too ready acceptance of a theory prejudicial to the character of a reputable girl. If, besides that, there were motives for shielding a scoundrel, that will come out, and no one will work harder to bring it out than Commissioner Woods. If the Police Department under his administration has not improved in morale and efficiency, all signs fail, and we need to be shown.

There are five million people in New York, and naturally that great population includes many bad ones. Five million people of any breed will include due proportion of criminals, but New York is under the special disadvantage of being the favorite dumping ground for bad characters from Europe, and especially from Italy. For years that country has been sending us in generous numbers scoundrels as dangerous as this world can produce. It is hard to keep tab on them and handle them under our laws and police system. Progress that had been made in doing so was checked by Mayor Gaynor's high passion for personal liberty. Read the police news any day, and observe what proportion of crime is credited to Italians. They excel in crimes of violence, as do our imported Jews in crimes of cunning. The Sullivan law against carrying firearms was invented chiefly in the interest of a reduction in Italian homicides. To civilize our South Italians and restrain the bad ones from crimes is a big job. Anyone who knows how big and hard it is will be slow to denounce our Police Department.



"Hold On, Boy"



Hold On, Boys!"

The Latest Books

A YEAR ago within a day a book called "A Dominie's Log," by a Scotch schoolmaster named A. S. Neil, was reviewed in this column. Its pages abounded in a delightful humor that played, with equal zest, upon the absurdities of the "system" of primary education that the author was supposed to serve, upon the futility of his individual defiance of it, and upon the foibles of the village world where he carried on his iconoclastic labors. In reading the book one laughed with and at him, hoped with, yet despaired for, him and his endeavors, foresaw his inevitable failure and dismissal, and wondered what would come after.

THE answer—and another volume full of good talk, unforced humor, and the kind of critical comment upon accepted methods and habituated living that derives from sound sense criticized by self-knowledge—now comes to us in a sequel called "A Dominie Dismissed" (McBride, \$1.25). The schoolmaster has lost his job and gone to work for a neighboring farmer. An orthodox, lesson-stuffing disciplinarian has succeeded him. The community is relieved, yet puzzled; patronizing, yet respectful; cheated of its "I told you so's" by the quiet survival of its pet failure. The volume is the best sort of company.

"JERRY OF THE ISLANDS" (Macmillan, \$1.50) is a dog story that Jack London left behind him. It is the story



"THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR SPOILING REGINALD—HE HAS PLENTY OF GOOD ROCKING-HORSES."



Shades of Manhattan Indians: AND THIS IS THE ISLAND WE SOLD FOR A FEW BEADS AND SOME FIRE-WATER!

of an Irish terrier, bred by a white trader in the cannibal Solomon Islands and given to the skipper of a "nigger-running" schooner soon thereafter sacked and burned by the head-hunters of Somo. Jerry passes from black master to black master, learning as he goes, but never forgetting the scent of his white gods, and finally, like H. G. Wells, finding what he seeks. The yarn is a good pendant to "The Call of the Wild"; a dog-term statement of London's favorite thesis: the relation between primitive instincts and the upward urge.

HELEN R. MARTIN'S new story of Pennsylvania Dutchdom, "Those Fitzenbergers" (Doubleday, Page, \$1.35), is rather less rich in *genre* types and rather more tailor-made in the matter of plot than usual. It deals with a village-bred girl-child whose neighbors have ostracized her and her family and to whom an ambitious but caddish member of the local aristocracy makes secret and condescending love. In detail, the novel is dyed in the wool with local color. As a piece of fiction, one must be
(Continued on page 33)



It Happened in Illinois

THE time was registration day; the place was a small town in Southern Illinois. There was no girl. He was a gentleman of color, and the registrar was having considerable trouble explaining the why's and wherefor's of the registration. At last Rastus showed a faint glimmer of intelligence.

"Dis heyah registrashum fo' de draf' am a whole lot like 'lection votin', ain't it?" he asked uncertainly.

"Yes," answered the kindly registrar.

Rastus scratched his head in troubled doubt. He was thinking deeply. Presently his brow cleared and a smile spread over his face. He had come to a decision.

"Den I votes fer Julius Jackson ter be drafted," he said. "I nebah did hab no use fo' dat niggah."

Coming?

"WHY did Clark resign that railroad presidency?"

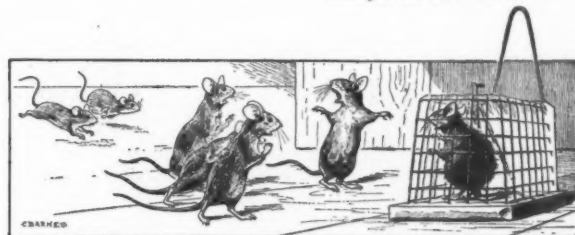
"He wanted more money, so he joined a railroad men's union."

Moonlight

I SENT to you a kiss, dear, in a dream.

Poor wanderer, all day it was afraid
To speed to you, but when the shadows fell
The darkness gave it courage and it flew—
With what dear haste! to greet you, quite content
That it could lie upon your tired brow,
And if you woke you would not know its name,
But think it just a glimmer of the moon.

Leolyn Louise Everett.



"HEY! FELLERS! SAMMIE'S PINCHED!"

"RUN TELL HIS WIFE!"

Braking the Spel

THE shades ov nite wer faling fast. Not so the shades ov the naboring windos, whens wimen's faces peerd dimly forth in a vane efort to se whether the grate turing car ov the Erl of Chumly stil lingerd in frunt ov the umbl dweling ov butiful Jeneveve Goldbrix. Her father had taken flite to forin lands, after his disastus deel in Wal Street had rekt both bisnes and onor; and the tungs of gossips wer stil bizy with his afares. What could be the reson that Jeneveve's wun-time sutor, the hi-born Erl, had cum agen, now that she was peniles?

Within the cotaj, the Erl lited a cigaret and glanst curiously about the smal living-rum wher he sat with Jeneveve.

"Fancy," he remarkt, wonderingly, "exchanging your Long lland palas for this! It is tuf luc, don't you no?"

"It is, indeed, a serius blo," aknoled the luvly girl, with a si; "sins papa's falure, my thots, my ames, hav bin in caos. But," she aded, with a fereles lift ov the hed, "I shal not wekely yeld to defete, for I cum ov fiting stoc! I mene to ern my bred as a stenografer, in the ofis ov a distant cuzin."



The Dog: I REFUSE TO CONSIDER THAT A WHISTLE

"My wurd!" exclaimed the Erl, with an embarast cof. He was unprepard for this pluky atitude. But he was not ezily chekt in his fel desine; and after a thotful paws, he nelt grasfully at her feet.

"Be mine!" he entreted in lo, intens tone, "and escape the toil and mizery for which your garded life has il traned you!"

She gazd at him with repugnans and horor in her azure orbs. What tho his hauty nee was bent in omaj to her buty? To wel she new his rekles character, the blaknes ov his fals sol!



WAR WORKERS

BOY SCOUTS COLLECTING SHIRT-TAILS FOR BANDAGES

"And your wife, the Countes?" she suggested with ironic emfasis; "what ov her?"

"Forget her!" he sneerd, with a disdaneiful jestur. "In our sunkist vila by the distant Apogiatura, hoo can mar our hapines?"

Jeneveve dru herself to her ful hite. "Enuf!" she sed. "Dreme not that you can conker thus becaus I am poor and frendles! Leve me, sir, at wuns, that your hated presens may no longer desecrate this loly harth! And let me ad that, even wer you fre, I woud not enter into wedloc with you, for—I luv anuther!"

With a hartles laf, he suddenly prest her silflike fawrm in a pashunate embras, and tride to snatch a kis frum her ful, crimsun lips.

"Fulish litl wun!" he horsly hist, "I wil not be foild; you shal fly with me! My car is at the dore, my yot is redy to sale when we rech the secost; in my poket is clorofawrm. Your servants ar old and def. You ar at my mercy!"

Wun fant mone ov frite she uterd, as she strugld vanely in his grasp. Then a hevly rumbl, as ov a pasing veicl, recht her ere, and sumoning her curaj anoo, she skremd: "Denis! Denis! O save me quikly frum this odius retch!"

The rumbl cesd. In anuther instant, a handsom, brod-shoulder yung fello in blu overals aperd in the doreway, ice tongs in hand, venjuns in his flashing i.

It was Denis Melvil, the ice man! Forst by, reverses to leve colej in his sofomor yer, he had alredy wurkt his way wel upward on fortun's lader: and sins her breef sojurn in his nativ vilaj, he had lerned to luv sweet Jeneveve.

In a moment, with keen insite, he graspt the natur ov her peril. Wun mity sweep of a blu-clad arm, and he had



AT THE SITKA SUFFRAGE SOCIETY

"THE SPEECH OF THE CHAIRMAN, MRS. ALEUTIAN SEAL, WAS IN HER ARCHEST, MOST SATIRIC VEIN"

sezd the Erl with the icc tongs, regardles of his costly dres sute, and hurld him thru the windo, sincronusly kiking out his hi hat, with expert conservashun oy energy. A bello oy futil rage markt the vilane's fal, and sune his motor could be herd rapidly retreting into the distans. Jeneveve flu to her preserver's arms.

"My nobl hero!" she sobd. "My tung canot find wurd to tel you what I feel."

He kist her tenderly, but stil she wept, as tho under sum grate nervus strane.

"My tresure! I hay luvd you long!" he reasurd her, "fere not that the nave wil cum bak to distres you!"

"It is not that!" she gaspt, puting her hand to her hed in a bewilderd maner. "I no he is gon; but ther is sumthing in the atmosfere which opreses me strangely—sum dredful spel! I fere it is driving me mad! Denis!" she shrekt in histericl despare, "Spkxwlfrrphgh!"

He suthed her, tho in his skolerly face a luk ov trubl dawnd. "I no what you mene," he sed solemnly, "I feel it, to—that hideus spel. Sumthing tels me it is sloly spreding over our fare land. But let us fite it to the deth, Jeneveve—let us endeavor to brake it! Let us dare to follo the biding ov our harts, our homes, our tradishuns, insted ov having

eny darnd old refawrm wisht onto us! Be mine, and together we wil brake the spel!"

Lening her brite yung hed agenst his manly brest, tucht, comforted, with fath renud, she smild into his beming countenans and whisperd curajusly, "We will!"

Corinne Rockwell Swain.



Wife (drowsily): OH, JOHN, DON'T BE SO MUSHY!



GERMAINE DEHON,
BABY 1132



MADELEINE DIDAT, BABY 639

THE PLAN OF THE BABIES' FUND

A contribution of seventy-three dollars provides that for two years a destitute French child, orphaned by the war, will be kept with its mother or relatives instead of being sent to a public institution, where its chances of survival are less than in a family environment. During this critical period in the child's life its welfare is looked after and the funds disbursed by "The Fatherless Children of France," an organization officered by eminent French men and women. The Society has committees in every part of France, who keep in touch with the children and supervise details of management. Contributions of less than seventy-three dollars are combined until they amount to the larger sum.

As fast as LIFE receives from the Society the names and addresses of the children and their mothers with particulars of the father's death and other information, these are communicated directly to the contributors for the care of each child. The full amount of the

Saving the French Babies

IN spite of the many other exacting calls on the generosity of LIFE's readers, we are happy to say that their interest in the destitute and fatherless children of France does not flag, as will be seen from the list of contributions below. We have received a total of \$105,690.03, from which we have remitted to Paris 589,123.70 francs.

An interesting gift of thirty dollars for one of the babies has been sent in by the little girls of a class in the Methodist Sunday School of Maplewood, N. J. Each child was given a piece of cardboard on which was pasted the picture of the baby cut from LIFE, and below it were drawn a number of soup-bowls and the legend, "Please buy him a bowl of soup for ten cents or a cup of cocoa for five cents." As the bowls were paid for they were marked off, with the resulting total of thirty dollars.

We gratefully acknowledge from

"In Statu Quo Club," through L. M. Atherton, Swampscott, Mass., for Baby No. 1408.....	\$73
The pupils of the James-Franklin School, Toledo, Ohio, for Baby No. 1409.....	73
Alice Mary Sine, Brett F. Sine and Chas. Edward Sine, Calgary, Alberta, for Baby No. 1411.....	73
Mrs. T. H. Hoagland and Chester Baylis, Jr., Rockaway, N. J., for Baby No. 1412.....	73
Grace M. Neill and N. J. Neill, Lynn, Mass., for Babies Nos. 1413 and 1414.....	146
Fred D. Hills, E. Cleveland, Ohio, for Baby No. 1415.....	73
John and Robert Taylor, Yonkers, N. Y., for Baby No. 1416.....	73
Elizabeth Roome, New York City, for Baby No. 1417.....	73
The Juvenile Sewing Club of Berkeley, Ethel Allen, Lucia Gray, Louisa Justice, Jane Richardson, Elizabeth Rusk, Ann, Eleanor and Mary Wheeler, through Mrs. F. R. Wheeler, Berkeley, Cal., for Baby No. 1418.....	73
D. W. R., Detroit, Mich., for Babies Nos. 1420 and 1421.....	146
"L. R.," New York City, for Babies Nos. 1422 and 1423.....	146
Miss Isabel Danforth, New York City, for Baby No. 1424.....	73
Anonymous, Canon City, Colorado, for Baby No. 1426.....	73
Mrs. James Edgar Morris, Pelham Manor, New York, for Baby No. 1427.....	73
The Diversion Club of Frances Shimer School, Mount Carroll, Ill., for Baby No. 1428.....	73
The Forum of Schenectady High School, Schenectady, N. Y., for Baby No. 1429.....	73
The pupils of the James-Franklin School, Toledo, Ohio, on account of Baby No. 1410.....	36.50

FOR BABY NUMBER 1399

Already acknowledged.....	\$45.09
Mrs. H. M. Stillman, Caldwell, N. J.....	5
B. O. Thompson, Newport, Ky.....	10
James Fritz, Chicago, Ill., through Mrs. Archibald Freer....	1
Anonymous, Canon City, Colorado.....	11.91

FOR BABY NUMBER 1419

The Juvenile Sewing Club of Berkeley (as above), through Mrs. F. R. Wheeler.....	\$21.06
Anonymous, Canon City, Colorado.....	15.09
Mrs. E. T. Nichols, Jr., Wenatchee, Washington.....	5
The Diversion Club of Frances Shimer School, Mount Carroll, Ill.....	.63
Miss Paulette Wright, Washington, D. C.....	5
"Peggy and Bob," Rochester, N. Y.....	4

\$50.78



EDMOND AND SUZANNE LÉVY,
BABIES 334, 335



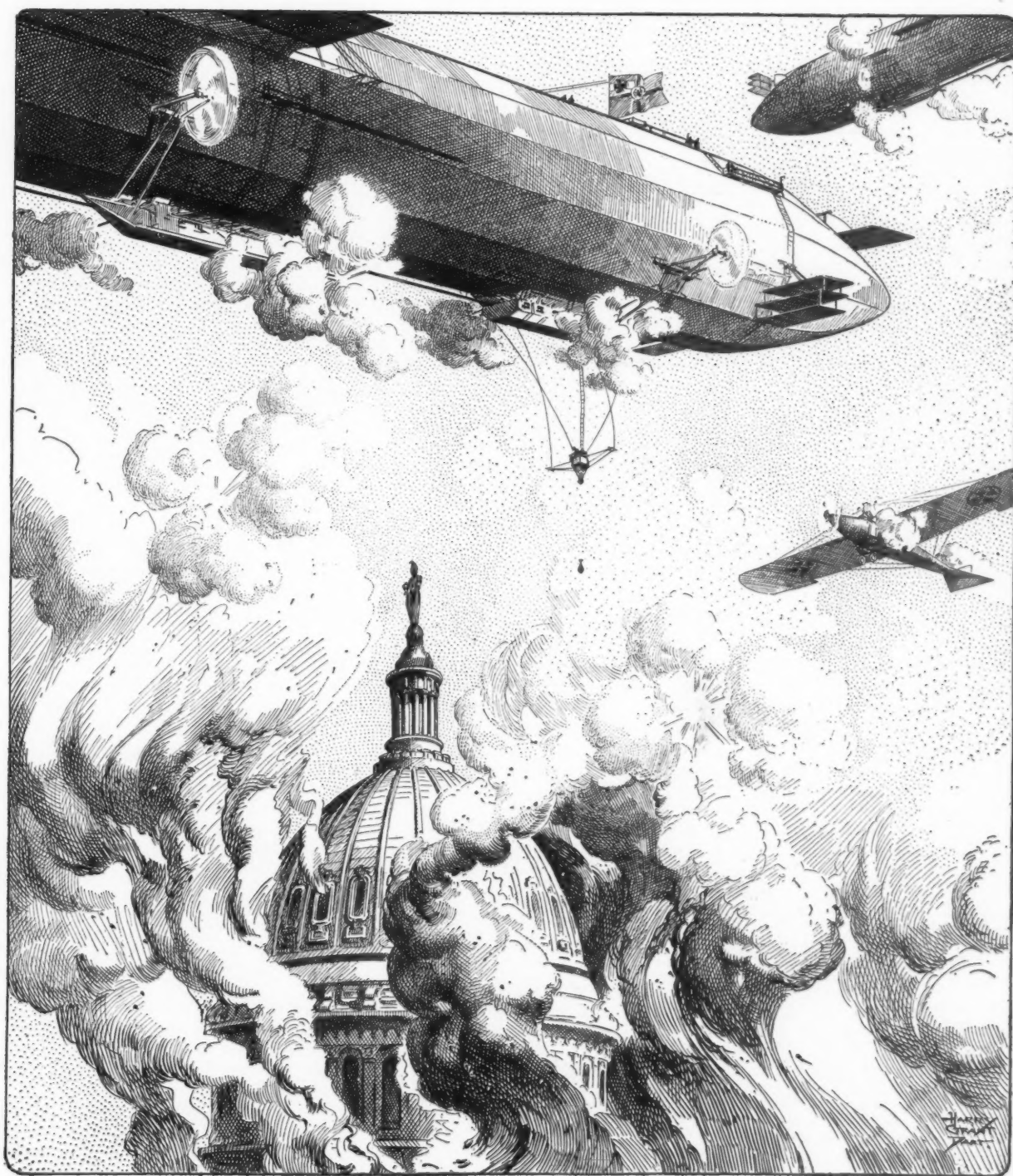
RAYMOND MARTIN, BABY 279

funds received by LIFE is put into French exchange at the most favorable rate and remitted to the Society with no deduction whatever for expenses. Checks should be made payable to the order of LIFE Publishing Company.

TO SEND GIFTS

Make two lists of the contents of the package. One should be enclosed in the package, and the other mailed, at the time the package is sent, together with the name and address of the person for whom the package is intended, to the offices of "The War Relief Clearing House," 40 Wall Street, New York City.

The package itself should bear the name and address of the child, marked care of "The Fatherless Children of France." The package should then be sent to the warerooms of "The War Relief Clearing House," 133 Charlton Street, New York City. They will forward the package without charge, but be sure to pay all charges for delivery to the Clearing House.



IS THIS WHAT WE ARE WAITING FOR?

LIFE

The Lyric Baedeker

PHILADELPHIA

I CAN lyricize ornately
Of the city that sedately
Stands upon the western bank of Delaware,
For I know a Lloyd, a Norris
And a Rittenhouse and Morris,
And I'm quite at home on Independence Square.

In the reign of Charles the Second,
Where the leafy forest beckoned
It was founded by a certain William Penn,
Whom the people speak quite well of;
And you also hear them tell of
Mr. Franklin, known familiarly as "Ben."

There are many colored voters,
And a reckless mob of motors,
And the streets are Market, Chestnut,
Spruce and Pine.
The descendants of the Quakers
Buy their pins at Wanamaker's,
And the Stratford is the proper place
to dine.

When you pass the outer bound'ries
Of the textile mills and foundries,
Fairmount Park will yield contentment
to the soul.
All the suburbs are alluring;
And their roads are fine for touring,
Though at every other mile you pay a toll.

Where the trees in April quicken
On the lovely Wissahickon,
Or in winter where the Schuylkill, full
of slush,
Cuts the city through the middle,
One may even see a Eiddle,
A Cadwallader, a Shippen or a Rush!

You should tarry there and grapple
With the mysteries of "scrapple"—
A conglomerate of flour, herbs and
pork.
Philadelphia, not to quiz it,
Is a pleasant place—to visit;
Which is what the natives say about
New York.

Arthur Guiterman.



"HOOF UP, THERE!"

Cornering a Governor

GOVERNOR GOODRICH of Indiana, who is getting nation-wide attention for his practical efforts to aid, by food conservation and increased production, in solving the important problem of food supply, is among the busiest of men, but meets the trials and vexations of his office with a saving sense of humor. He was ten minutes late at a recent meeting and explained as follows:

"Gentlemen, I beg your pardon for being late, but I couldn't help it. Just as I was starting, my secretary said there was a lady on the telephone who would not talk to him but wanted the Governor personally. I took the telephone, and the conversation ran this way:

"Is this Governor Goodrich?"

"Yes, madam. What can I do for you?"

"Well, Governor, you know how you have been urging everybody to make gardens. Well, I made one and right away a neighbor turned her chickens loose, and they scratched it all up. Now, what am I going to do?"

"Catch the chickens and pen them up," I replied.

"Well, that's easy enough, but this woman is a malicious thing and she might have me arrested. Now, if she does that, what are you going to do?"

"Madam," I replied quite seriously, 'if she has you arrested and you are convicted, I'll pardon you.'"



"CERTAINLY! ANYTHING TO OBLIGE, OLD CHAP!"

How to Write for Life

DON'T be funny.

Be funny.

Be brief.

Don't write verses.

Write occasional verses.

Be brief.

Don't cater to LIFE's hobbies.

Cater to LIFE's hobbies.

Be brief.

Don't send in the bright sayings of children.

Bright sayings of children always acceptable.

Be brief.

Don't knock the President.

Knock the President.

Be brief.

Don't have ideas.

Always have an idea.

Be brief.



WARNING

IF WE LOOKED THE WAY WE FEEL AFTER
A VERY BIG DINNER



ANY SATURDAY AFTERNOON DURING THE PICNIC SEASON

Letter-Boxes

STRAPPED like martyrs with thongs of iron
To walls of brick and posts of steel,
Their metallic maws heavy with mysterious messages,
They flap their iron lips from day to day,
Hungry and forever unappeased of life.

Green-clad sentinels on the outposts of hope and grief,
Sphinxes that dream of the riddles flung into their hearts,
The letter-boxes stand as things apart, brooding on the
fatalities of written speech.

Benjamin De Casseres.

"There's Such Divinity Doth Hedge a King"

The Czar and his family are planting and hoeing
potatoes in the park of Tsarskoe Selo Palace. Soldiers
and civilians alike line the fence to the estate and
watch every movement of the royal family.

—News item.

FIRST RUSS CIVILIAN: Nick is the little guysky
with the beardovitch. He acts as though he were afraid
of breaking his hoe-off.

SECOND RUSS CIVILIAN: Yes, indeedsky! If he expects
potatoes to grow in that patchoff, he is kiddingsky him-
selfovitch.

THIRD RUSS CIVILIAN: He could do a great deal betteroff
if he did his diggingsky with a manicure setsky.

FOURTH RUSS CIVILIAN: If he is a farmersky, I am
John D. Rockefellervitch.

FIRST RUSS CIVILIAN: See the little Romanoff boy try-



pQrTrait of a mAn who(got maD aND fir?d His
XtenQrApher8—, geTting out AN (! imPgntant \$
letTER %,



"HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS"

ing to use the weedervitch! The weeds must think that
they are having their backs scratched.

FOURTH RUSS CIVILIAN: Who is the damesky with the
hat over her left ear? She looks like the breaking up of
a hard summeroff!

SECOND RUSS CIVILIAN: That is Alexandrevna, thou
fool! She is hunting for potato bugsovitch.

FOURTH RUSS CIVILIAN: I don't believe she could tell a
potato bugovitch from a tango lizard. She looks numbsky
above the shoulders.

THIRD RUSS CIVILIAN: What can you expectoff from a
person who has had to live with a lobsterovitch like Nick
Romanoff for over a quarter of a centuryoff? It's enough
to drive anyone battysky!

FIRST RUSS CIVILIAN: Isn't he an insignificant looking
chumpovitch! If his potatoes take after him, it'll need a
peck to make a meal for a rabbitoff!

(Etceterasky, etceterasky, etceterasky.)

Too High a Standard

LERRET: I hear that Shortcash, who married the
banker's daughter last winter, is in desperate financial
straits.

YADILLOH: I'm not surprised. He probably has been
trying to live up to their wedding presents.

TO the rules of conduct during the war should be added
this:

No person with a vocal range of less than two octaves
should attempt to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner."

White Rock

is the leading
mineral water
because of its
superiority





A Get-Rich-Quick Scheme

Two young Irishmen in a Canadian regiment were going into the trenches for the first time, and their captain promised them five shillings each for every German they killed.

Pat lay down to rest, while Mick performed the duty of watching. Pat had not lain long when he was awakened by Mick shouting:

"They're comin'! They're comin'!"

"Who's comin'?" shouts Pat.

"The Germans," replies Mick.

"How many are there?"

"About fifty thousand."

"Begorra," shouts Pat, jumping up and grabbing his rifle, "our fortune's made!"

—*London Opinion.*

He Saw Her There

HE: Haven't I seen you somewhere some time?

SHE: Quite likely. I was there.

—*New York Sun.*



THE WAY ONE FEELS WHEN LEARNING TO DRIVE

He and She

"Are you fond of literature?" he asked.

"Passionately," she replied.

"Then you must admire Sir Walter Scott," he exclaimed with sudden animation. "Is not his 'Lady of the Lake' exquisite in its flowing grace and poetic imagery?"

"It is perfectly lovely," she assented, clasping her hands in ecstasy. "I suppose I have read it a dozen times."

"And Scott's 'Marmion,'" he continued, "and 'Peveril of the Peak'?"

"I just dote upon them," she replied.

"And Scott's 'Emulsion?'" he continued hastily, a faint suspicion dawning upon him.

"I think," she interrupted rashly, "that it's the best thing he ever wrote."

—*The Publisher's Weekly.*

A Prospective Mortgage

"We deny ourselves much. I am saving to build a house."

"Is your wife cheerful about it?"

"Oh, yes. She thinks we're saving for an automobile."—*The Lamb.*

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The 'Royal Cord' Tire

The 'Royal Cord' Tire is the "Monarch of All Cord Tires":

- the tire of supreme, resiliency and elasticity;
- the tire of rugged endurance and toughness;
- the tire of masterful anti-skid service and amazing long mileage;
- the tire of beauty and distinction.

Try 'Royal Cords' and learn how good a cord tire can be.

The 'Royal Cord' Tire is one of the five United States Tires that are making such phenomenal sale increases



United States Tires

The Latest Books

(Continued from page 22)

satisfied with the machine-like nicety with which its mills grind out poetic justice.

LONG-RANGE students of the Russian situation will find Richardson Wright's new volume, "The Russians, an Interpretation" (Stokes, \$1.50), interesting and, in a way, comforting reading. The author knows a good deal about Russia, both from experience and study. But he has escaped the delusion of omniscience. And he has evolved no *idée fixe* of theoretic explanation. He writes, in consequence, with an unusual effect of *camaraderie*; more like an elder-brother-in-ignorance, sharing his information and observation with us, than like a professor, telling us. Per contra, this is an excellent time to turn again to the works of Stephen Graham, the persuasive expounder of his own conception of Russian mysticism.

EVEN though its exploits have become those of an enemy, the career of the German cruiser Emden still remains for most of us the great modern instance of heroic sea daring and romantic achievement. And no doubt the appearance of an account of the ship's cruise by its first officer—"The Emden" (Ritter, \$1.25), by Kapitänleutnant von Mücke—will rouse a reading-lust in many expectant minds. If it does in yours, and if you do not take a cynic pleasure in having displayed to you the clay feet attached to heroic sea-legs, resist it. A more Teutonically vainglorious and snarlingly sneering narrative was never cultured.

J. B. Kerfoot.

WHITE HORSE

SCOTCH



The parting gift—

A Vest Pocket Kodak.

It is monotony, not bullets that our soldier boys dread. No fear, when the time comes, they will uphold bravely the traditions that are dear to every loyal American heart. But in the training camps and during the months of forced inaction there are going to be some tedious, home-sick days—days the Kodak can make more cheerful.

Pictures of comrades and camp life, pictures of the thousand and one things that can be photographed without endangering any military secret will interest them, and will doubly interest the friends at home. Tens of thousands of brave lads in the camps and trenches of France are keeping their own Kodak story of the war—a story that will always be intense to them because it is *history* from their view-point. And when peace comes it will make more vivid, more real *their story of their war* as they tell it again and again to mother and sister and wife and little ones.

The nation has a big job on its hands. It's only a little part, perhaps, but a genuine part of that job to keep up the cheerfulness of camp life, to keep tight the bonds between camp and home. Pictures from home to the camp and from camp to the home can do their part.

There's room for a little Vest Pocket Kodak in every soldier's and sailor's kit. The expense is small, six dollars. The cheerfulness it may bring is great. They are on sale by Kodak dealers everywhere.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

Situation Wanted

WANTED—Situation. Middle-aged magnate, respectable, semi-refined, fairly well educated, plenty of money, retired from business, would like good position where he could use his time and money to advantage. No ordinary positions accepted. Tired of business. Tired of girl-and-music shows. Tired of traveling. Tired of all the old-fashioned philanthropies which do not seem to get anywhere. Tired of art. Tired of automobiling. Tired of hanging around clubs. Tired of walking aimlessly about country estates. Tired of everything. Would like to get something new and something big. Something that would not only make me happy, but others too. Something that would make my name not only a household word, but a household necessity. As it is, I am just a Millionaire and nothing else. Address XX Magnate, Dollar Boulevard, Gold Eagle Terrace, Trustville.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



One on Miss Perkins

Young Miss Perkins, whose beauty is equal to her bluntness in conversation, was visiting at a house where, among other guests, was the eldest son of a rich manufacturer, who was commonly looked upon as a very eligible husband. The talk turned on matrimonial squabbles. Said the young man:

"I hold that the correct thing for the husband is to begin as he intends to go on. Say that the question was one of smoking. Almost immediately I would show my intentions by lighting a cigar and settling the question forever."

"And I would knock the thing out of your mouth!" cried the imperious beauty.

"Do you know," rejoined the young man, "I don't think you would be there!"—*Tit-Bits*.

Wine Jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Inappropriate Generosity

HAIGHT: After touring the world for fifteen years, Belva Peddleman, known among musical critics as the "woman Paderewski," went back to her home town the other evening and treated her former neighbors to a splendid classical recital.

NUNO: Did the people show any appreciation?

HAIGHT: Oh, yes; the next day they held a meeting and voted to send the lady a thousand-dollar player-piano.

—*The Lamb*.

DUNLOP GOLF BALLS

THE difference between losing and winning frequently depends on the ball you use. The DUNLOP user has a handicap; the *British-made DUNLOPS* travel farther and surer!

Try "29" DWTS or "31" DWTS
\$10 per dozen 85c. each

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Founders of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry
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American Representative T. W. NIBLETT
Suite 11057 34 W. 23rd St., N. Y.

Canadian Distributors:
Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Co., Ltd., Toronto



What is the matter with the United States?

See HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT'S new book
"In These Latter Days" At the Bookstores, \$2.

If you would know the true inwardness of the Japanese situation in California, read Griffing Bancroft's novel "The Interlopers."

EGYPTIAN DEITIES
The Ultimate in Cigarettes
Plain End or Cork Tip
People of culture, refinement and education invariably PREFER Deities to any other cigarette.
25¢
Smargyros
Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

Master and Maid in the Motor

Sarah Jane was everything that a domestic servant should be, save for this one fault, which, alas! human flesh is heir to. She was very jealous of a certain Mrs. Scraggs, a former fellow-servant, who never tired of writing to tell her of the glories of her new home.

"To think of her sauce and airs and graces, ma'am!" she said to her mistress. "Eliza Scraggs writes saying that she has a conservatory of her own. Rats! I'll lay all the conservatory she's got is a couple of cracked flower-pots with geraniums in them on the kitchen windowsill! I'll get even with her!"

"You should not let such trifles trouble you, Sarah," said her mistress.

"Well, ma'am, whether or not, I am going to ask you a favor."

"What is that, Sarah?"

"I was thinking, if I got the photographer to come up, perhaps you would not mind me and the master being taken together in the motor. That would be a settler for 'Liza when I send her the photograph!"—*Tit-Bits*.

"THE MANOR"—Asheville, North Carolina
IN AMERICA—AN ENGLISH INN—Perfect GOLF.

A Keen Observer

The following dialogue, which took place when a Hungarian applied for naturalization papers, is reported.

"Who is President of the United States?"

"Meester Vilson."

"Who makes the laws?"

"De Kungress."

"Who elects the President?"

"California."

He got his papers.—*Everybody's*.

Had His Game Trapped

A young Swede appeared at the county judge's office and asked for a license.

"What kind of a license?" asked the judge. "A hunting license?"

"No," was the answer. "Aye tank aye bane hunting long enough. Aye want marriage license."—*Freeman's Journal*.

YOUNG JOHNNY had been reading the evening paper, and paused contemplatively for a few moments. "Father," said he, "what is 'inertia'?"

"Well," replied the father, "if I have it, it's pure laziness; but if your mother has it, it is nervous prostration."

—*Tit-Bits*.

The Week-end in the Country

can be made ideally enjoyable for both guest and host by means of

Evans' Ale

It promotes hospitality, sociability and summer comfort by disseminating good cheer in the happiest way.

Get a supply from nearest dealer
C. H. EVANS & SONS Estab. 1786 HUDSON, N. Y.



BACARDI TRY IT!

MAKES THE PERFECT
COCKTAIL, HIGHBALL OR RICKEY.

Folder containing recipes of famous Bacardi drinks mailed on request
D. S. DEJONGH 127 Water Street, New York

Flexner, Carrel and Noguchi!

These three personages are the stars of the troupe of the Rockefeller Institute in New York.

This too celebrated establishment, which treats the things of science like the pickled pigs of Chicago, to an accompaniment of furious beatings of the bass drum, is manifestly ambitious to replace the Barnum and Bailey Circus in its exhibitions designed to astonish the populace and to gather in the dollars.

To this end, one member of the phenomenal trio goes to Europe periodically, preceded by much noise of his coming.

All honor to him (?)

Dr. Simon Flexner, vivisector in chief of the Institute, is the inventor of the anti-meningitic serum which, according to some of the American doctors, kills the patient more surely than the disease itself.

Eight children have recently died in a hospital in Cincinnati, paralyzed immediately after the injection of this serum.

We will say no more at present about these "unhappy accidents," as M. Flexner called them, when defending his serum.

Dr. Carrel is the phenomenal charlatan who has stunned the universe in proclaiming that he can put new organs and limbs in the place of old ones, for those who wish them. Put to the proof in the Broca hospital, he stammered pitifully that he could do nothing of the sort; and it seemed as though his pretended miracles were reduced to preserving in ice the skin of a baby born dead.

Noguchi, the last comer, arrives preceded by a great clatter, carrying the microbe of hydrophobia in his valise. Alas,

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AND STATIONERY
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RESPECT

THE TIFFANY BLUE BOOK
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With gasoline selling around 30c a gallon, it should interest you to know that tires that are insufficiently inflated need 25% more gasoline to pull them along the road than tires that are inflated to the right pressure. With a

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you can keep your tires inflated to the right pressure.

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50c TRIAL OFFER FOR 10c
BEST KODAK DEVELOPING. Any size roll developed, 10c. Six prints free with first roll. OR. send six negatives any size, and 10c (stamps) for six prints. 8 x 10 Enlargements, 30c.
ROANOKE PHOTO FINISHING CO. (Formerly Roanoke Cycle Co.)
37 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

for Pasteur! Does Noguchi forget that this subtle microbe has already been discovered at least a dozen times? Turn by turn, Bouchard, Gibier, Fol, Babes, Bruschettini, Frederic Levy, Sormani, Negri—to cite only the principal ones—have claimed to have found it.

But Noguchi, coming out of the Rockefeller Institute, is the true, the unique, the only—music, *en avant!*

This is the trinity of charlatans who are presented to the old world as the glowing torches of progress.

Alas, M. Rockefeller, a trust can not be formed of science!

—From The Open Door.

It Was Some Storm

We had the hardest storm Friday that ever has been here. It blew down trees that were never blown down before.

—Greencastle Banner.

The BILTMORE
43rd and 44th Sts. and Madison Ave.
The Cascades
19th Floor—Always Cool
Most unique dining room in New York.
New decorations and lighting effects.
Dancing
Supervision Cameron Sisters

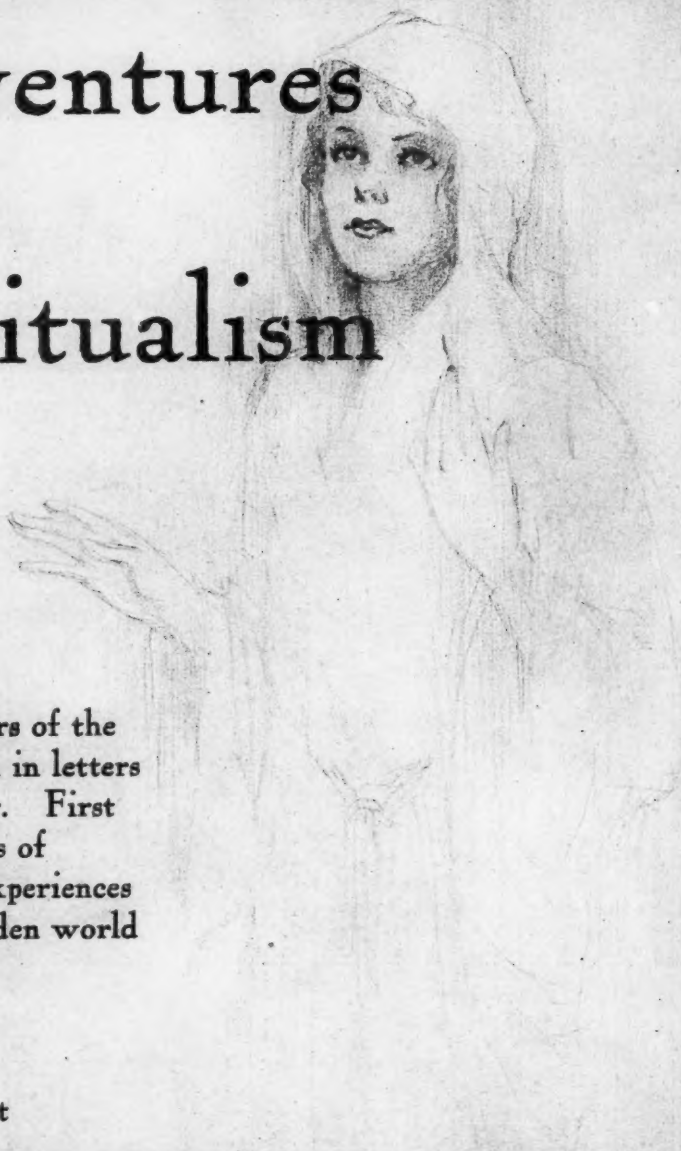
Adventures in Spiritualism

told by readers of the
Metropolitan in letters
to the Editor. First
hand accounts of
mystifying experiences
with the hidden world

in the August

Metropolitan

All NEWSSTANDS JULY 7th



Thanatopsis

SO act that when the impulse comes
to join
The drawn-out waiting line which moves
To that busy news-stand where each
shall get
A copy of his favorite magazine, thou
go not,
Like the trembling criminal to hear his
sentence,

Fearing the worst; but sustained and
soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach the
window
Like one who has taken pains to order
LIFE in advance,
And is filled with most pleasant antici-
pations.

Edmund J. Kiefer.

Still at It—Then

THE lights of the World Hotel gleamed mysteriously out in the dark night. Two figures stood in the background. Said the first man:

"It's a mighty poor hotel. Badly run. A few favored guests occupy the best rooms, and the rest of us have to shift for ourselves. I am going back there and see if I can straighten it out."

"What are you going to do?" said the second man.

"I am going to fight the management—keep things stirred up—agitate—rouse the unfavored guests to a sense of their condition. Will you help me?"

"No," replied the second man; "that hotel was there before you came, and will be there after you go. Even if your plan of stirring things up was a good one—which I doubt—you wouldn't be there long enough to see it through."

"Then you are satisfied to let things go on just as they are. All I can say is that your sense of justice must be at a low ebb. That's the real trouble, my friend. It is the indifference of men like you that permits that hotel to be what it is."

The second man reflected.

"I think you misunderstand me," he said. "I am just as anxious as you are to make that hotel better, but possibly I am more practical than you are. I cannot enter upon any scheme of reconstruction unless I can see results. Now I don't see any results in your scheme, because I think it is founded on discord."

The first man grew satirical.

"I suppose your idea," he said, "would be to go up to the management with soft

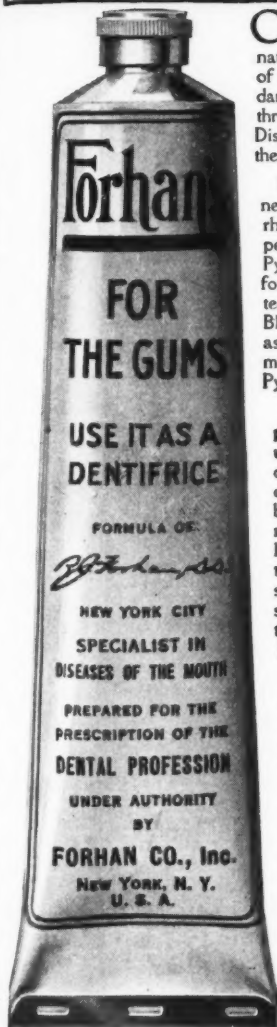
**The frosted wine bottle
is submitted for your
approval because you
know that proper cool-
ing is as important as
vintage. Extend the
same care to the serv-
ing of**

Club Cocktails

**and the inimitable flavor
will come to you un-
spoiled by dilution.
Don't shake with fine
ice. Pour over large
lumps, or chill the bottle.**

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
Hartford New York London
Importers of the Famous
BRAND'S A-1 SAUCE

Tender gums—a warning



COAST defense protects the life of a nation, gum defense the life of a tooth. On the gum line danger lies. If it shrinks through Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease) decay strikes into the heart of the tooth.

Beware of gum tenderness that warns of Pyorrhea. Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhea—many under forty, also. Loosening teeth indicate Pyorrhea. Bleeding gums, too. And as the gums recede, the mouth flattens through Pyorrhea.

Forhan's positively prevents Pyorrhea, if used in time and used consistently. As it hardens the gums the teeth become firmer—better nourished. Promptly relief comes to gum-tenderness. A new sweetness and wholesomeness will come to the gums—a new pride in your teeth, too.

It is by looking to tooth fundamentals that Forhan's improves tooth conditions. It cleans teeth scientifically, too. Its taste is antiseptic and pleasant.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

In 30c and 50c tubes at all druggists in the United States.

FORHAN CO.

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DELATONE

Removes Hair or Fuzz from Face, Neck or Arms

DELATONE is an old and well-known scientific preparation, in powder form, for the quick, safe and certain removal of hairy growths—no matter how thick or stubborn they may be. You make a paste by mixing a little Delatone and water, then spread on the hairy surface. After two or three minutes, rub off the paste and the hairs will be gone. When the skin is washed, it will be found clean, firm and hairless—as smooth as a baby's. Delatone is used by thousands every year, and is highly recommended by beauty authorities and experts.

Druggists sell Delatone; or an original ounce for mail to any address upon receipt of One Dollar by

The Sheffield Pharmacal Company
339 So. Wabash Ave., Dept. D. F., Chicago, Illinois



He: WHAT THE —?

"DON'T MIND IT, DEAR. IT'S ONLY ONE OF THOSE RAMBLING COUNTRY HOUSES."

and honeyed words and say, 'Oh, please will you see if you can make your hotel a little better?' Considering that the management has about as much blood as a turnip, and as much human charity as the assistant secretary of a foreign mission society, that is a lovely idea! What beautiful results would follow!"

"Still, on the whole, I think those results would be better than from your plan. Remember that I fully agree with you that the hotel is badly run. My idea is, while I am there, to make the best of it, be as comfortable as possible, and at the same time go about quietly, win everybody's confidence and use my influence to make things better; that is the way that ever the centuries' progress comes. Your way is to kick and scratch and bite."

"That's the way the heroes have done!"

"Where are they now?"

"Where are your sort?"

"Gone also, but their quiet influence over— Look!"

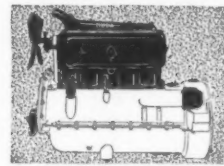
There was a loud noise, and as if by some infernal magic, they suddenly beheld the great World Hotel burst into flames. So rapidly did the fire work that the hotel was destroyed before their eyes.

Again the darkness. The second man spoke.

"And to think," he whispered in an awed voice, "that this is the year 4015, and it is all over. The problem of the World Hotel, which people of such opposite tendencies as you and myself have argued about for all these centuries, has suddenly vanished. What does it prove?"

"I suppose I shall have to admit," said the first man, "that it proves neither of us was right."

THE mystery of the Iron Mask is solved. He was hiding the shame he felt for not having ordered LIFE in advance from his newsdealer.



THE REASON

The quality of a man's work is largely determined by the standards lived up to by his fellow workmen—

"A man is known by the company he keeps."

BUDA workmen have been taught to "build their best" for thirty six years—it is their creed.

BUDA MOTOR

The new BUDA workman rubs shoulders with many five, ten, fifteen and even twenty year employees. He gets the spirit—the BUDA MOTOR is the concrete expression of it.

The conscientious, pride-in-product workmanship which goes into BUDA Truck, Automobile and Tractor Motors is the definite result of our manufacturing standards.

This is the very real 36-year-old reason for that better quality which distinguishes the BUDA MOTOR.



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HARVEY (Chicago) ILLINOIS



Crippled and Deformed

We have successfully treated thousands of sufferers of acute and chronic joint and bone diseases: bodily deformities of infantile paralysis, hip joint diseases, spinal curvature, club feet, fractures, etc., without drugs, surgery or plaster casts. Our wonderful method is approved and endorsed by the world famous surgeon—

Prof. ADOLPH LORENZ, of Vienna

Send for descriptive booklet E

ROTH ORTHOPEDIC INSTITUTE
162 W. 75th St., New York City

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

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TRAVELING GOODS

THE BELBER art of bag making expressed in Du Pont Fabrikoid, Craftsman Quality—the best grade of Fabrikoid made. Each individual style of bag or suit case the epitome of bag making skill—each exhibiting all of those little niceties of workmanship—of finish—that so unmistakably define real quality—and each bearing the two quality trade marks:



Sixteen styles for men and women

\$7.50 to \$12.00

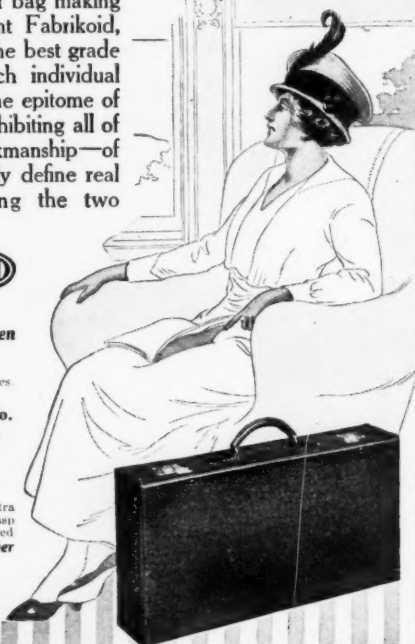
At the better shops and department stores. Illustrated booklet upon request.

The Belber Trunk and Bag Co.
Kensington, Philadelphia, Pa.

WOMAN'S SUIT CASE
No. 683-Black
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Made in small cross-grain effect. Extra light weight. Fine handle, neat side hasp locks and attractive lining with two shirred pockets in bottom. Equipped with Belber Fitall to hold your own toilet articles.

20 and 22 inch - \$10.00
Large 24 inch size, \$11.00



Clysmic— Of Course

Because it is the acknowledged *banquet water*—the home favorite—and most popular in the clubs—try it yourself.

15 grains of Lithia Salts
to the gallon.
Sold everywhere in splits,
pints and quarts only.

Don't accept ordinary waters.

Insist on genuine



The End of Everything

THE Kaiser bit nervously at his finger nails.

"Are you sure, Bethmann," he asked his chancellor, "that we have insulted every nation on the face of the earth?"

"Every one, your majesty," replied the chancellor impressively, after consulting a morocco-bound notebook. "Only yesterday we outraged Siam by shelling an open lifeboat in which were three Siamese ladies with babes in arms. All of them were killed."

With a smothered curse the Kaiser strode to a map of the world and ran his finger over its surface in serpentine lines.

"How about Abyssinia, Bethmann?" he asked plaintively. "How about Annam, Bokhara, Bolivia, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Hayti, Monaco, Oman, Tunis, Uruguay and Zanzibar? Have all of these been insulted?"

"All, sire!" insisted the chancellor. "All have declared war on you in reply to the indignities which have been heaped upon them. If you can find me a nation that you haven't grossly insulted, I'll eat it!"

The Kaiser dropped heavily into a chair and drummed the devil's tattoo on his silver cuirass with his fingers.

"In that case, Bethmann," said he wearily, "stop the war. It isn't any fun unless I can defy international law by outraging neutrals."

Realizing that he was at last defeated, the Kaiser burst into tears, threw himself on the floor and howled dismally.

K. L. Roberts.

WHILE I was sojourning at the Court of France I observed that the Dauphin, who later became the most glorious King of that country, invariably ordered LIFE in advance from the royal bookseller.—Reminiscences of Lord Chatham-square.



"THAT'S A NICE LOOKING CAR, JIMMY. I WONDER IF IT'S A GOOD HILL-CLIMBER."

"THERE'S THE SALESMAN, POP. WHY DON'T YOU ASK HIM?"

Gordon

HOT WEATHER BEVERAGES



SOUTH SIDE



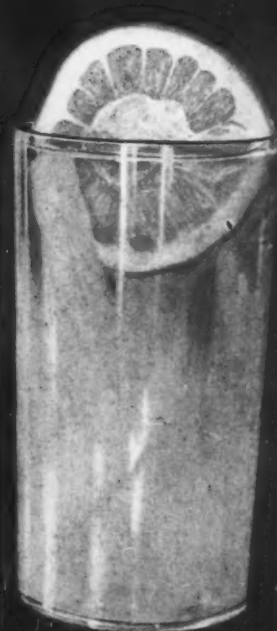
GIN RICKEY



GIN DAISY



MINT JULEP



ORANGE BLOSSOM



FRAGRANCE

Within each cigarette the finely shredded leaves lie like a skein of golden silk. Swiftly, with practiced eyes the girls in white examine for the slightest fault. The white piles gather until at last they move to where the bright red boxes will conserve their imprisoned fragrance.

A ship's bell sounds across the water. The lights of yachts at anchor shine brightly in the night. In the lee of the deck house you break the white band. The red box opens. The spicy scent of Oriental mystery is blended with the salty breeze—PALL MALL.



Plain or Cork

—at good places you need
not mention the name. Just
ask for the best cigarette.

A Shilling in London
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